

Buddy System

orphan_account

Buddy System by orphan_account

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Fluff, Holding Hands, M/M

Language: English

Characters: Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier, and the rest of the loser's club but they're mostly just mentioned

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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Summary:

Eddie isn't exactly sure when it started.

Everything is the same between him and Richie, miraculously, even after all these years. He still argues with him, still laughs at his jokes (albeit begrudgingly), still hangs out with him every day with the other Losers...

Except now, whenever they walk side by side, Eddie finds the other boy's hand intertwined with his.

Eddie doesn't know how or when it happened but whenever they walk somewhere where there's even a hint of a crowd, Richie will casually reach out for his hand like it's no big deal.

Just like now.

request:can you maybe do a reddie fic with them holding hands?

Buddy System

Author's Note:

it's my first time writing for this pairing/fandom, so it's a bit short. i'm still trying to figure out their dynamic but hope you like it anyways :) also this is unbeta'd so i'm sorry for the grammatical errors and typos lol

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Eddie is walking next to Ben and Beverly as they make their way to the annual local town fair, when Richie grabs his hand and intertwines their fingers together.

"Why do you keep doing that?" Eddie asks, finally, his eyes locked on their intertwined hands.

"Huh?" Richie looks down at him, pushing his glasses up from the bridge of his nose.

Eddie squeezes Richie's hand as he looks up at him, raising an eyebrow. "This. Why do you keep doing this?"

Richie takes a glance at their joined hands before looking away for a moment. Eddie watches as Richie's neck and ears turn a pinkish

color. But before Eddie can even say anything, Richie's already looking back at him, with the usual glint in his eyes. Eddie knows, for sure, the explanation that will come out of his mouth is going to be bullshit.

"It's a buddy system, old chap," Richie says in one of his 'voices', causing Eddie to roll his eyes. "You're short, you might get lost in the crowd."

"Oh, *fuck you*," Eddie spits at Richie.

"At least, buy me dinner first," Richie smirks at him. "I don't usually put out after the first date but for you, I would—"

"Shut the fuck up," Eddie hisses, trying to glare at the taller boy, but it's a lost cause.

Richie is right about the height thing, though.

At the age of 17, all the Losers have suddenly hit puberty. Every single one of his friends had a damn growth spurt. Bill is a solid 6', Stan and Mike not close behind at 5'11, Beverly is 5'6", and Ben is 5'8". Weirdly enough, Richie is the tallest one of them, towering all of them at 6'2".

But Eddie, in all his glory, is only 5'5".

Beverly is even taller than him by an inch. A fucking inch. Eddie is not bitter. He doesn't have an inferiority complex. He does not.

But that's beside the point. The point is...

Eddie's not sure what the fucking point is anymore. All he knows is that Richie is holding his hand, and he sort of, kind of, maybe likes the way his petite hand slots perfectly on Richie's large, guitar-calloused ones.

"Eddie! Richie! Quit your yapping, we're going to be late for the show!" Stan calls out to them, causing the two boys to whip their heads towards his direction. Everyone is waiting for them in front of a massive ass tent, watching them with knowing looks and smiles. Eddie can feel his cheeks and neck heat up when he catches Beverly's

eyes. Beverly smirks at him as she winks, before grabbing Ben's hand and entering the tent.

Eddie is going to combust.

Richie tugs at his hand, clearing his throat. "Let's go now before Stan cuts my dick off."

"He wouldn't have to cut much then."

"Shut up, *hobbit*."

Eddie gasps before narrowing his eyes the taller boy. "You did not just—"

Richie just beams at him before dragging him to the tent, their hands still intertwined.

So much for a buddy system.

Author's Note:

hope you guys liked it. send me more prompts [here](#) :)